



Not Necessary to Talk Much.
"You know," she said, "I am not much of a conversationalist."
This seemed to him the opportunity for which he had been waiting.
"Well," he returned, "if I do the preliminary talking your conversational ability will be sufficient to enable you to say 'Yes,' won't it?"
After all, in courtship there is nothing like getting your answer before you ask the question.—Chicago Post.

On a Street Car.
He'd a dreamy, far-off look in his eyes, such a wholly unconscious air while the busy conductor passed along. A poet he was, you'd swear—But no—he was only trying to look as if he had paid his fare.
—Harlem Life.

ROUGH ON ALFRED.



"Good-by, Alfred, darling. You have cheered me up. If I get lonely and depressed again I'll just look at your dear photo—that's sure to make me laugh and laugh and laugh!"—Punch.

A Fault of Progression.
The young man he blamed seemed quite unshamed.
He said in his own defense:
"I may not be sage, but in this present age we have to use horseless sense."
—Chicago Record.

Willing.
"You ought to be ashamed of such a job of whitewashing," said the irate patron. "You ought to get into sackcloth and ashes."
"Deed, boss, was the penitent answer, 'I'd be puffily willin' to ef I could afford de coal to make de ashes wid.'—Washington Star.

Very Natural Reflection.
"Whenever I hear of a suicide I can only think of one thing."
"And what is that?"
"That a man must have a mighty poor opinion of himself if he thinks that is the best use to which he can be put."—Chicago Post.

An Inter-Stellar Jest.
Mercury—I have a conundrum for you. What kind of a dog is the dog star?
Mars—I give it up.
Mercury—A skye terrier, of course.
—N. Y. Journal.

Too Tame for Her.
"Ah, let me only sit and gaze upon your face," he cried.
"A dog could do as much as that," the pretty maid replied.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HIS ABSENT DARLING.



Bill—I've got to raise \$20 this week. Phil—Is it urgent?
Bill—I should say so. If I don't get it my wife will come home.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Ratio.
Nine tailors make a man, they say, So put that in your pipes; But twelve good men and true it takes To make a suit of stripes.
—N. Y. World.

Actually Insulting.
Conductor (hastily)—How old is that child?
Young Mother (indignantly)—Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?—N. Y. Weekly.

Not a Pleasant Outlook.
She—I told father you wanted to see him the next time you called.
He—What did he say?
She—He said for you to come on; he wasn't afraid of you.—Puck.

Sealy Fellow.
There had been a robbery at the church while the funeral services were in progress, and the suspected person, a stranger, who had seemed deeply affected, got away.
"Can you describe him?" asked the detective.
"Yes," answered the victim. "He was carrying a small alligator grip and shedding large crocodile tears."—N. Y. World.

A Worthy Object.
The Daughter—Don't you think, mamma, it's running a great risk for me to refuse him the first time? He might not ask me again, and you know I mustn't let him go.
The Mother—It is worth risking, my dear, for you will have the satisfaction of referring to the matter every day during your whole married life.—Puck.

Reason in His Grief.
Captain (to Plachinsky, who thinks the vessel is going down)—Brace up! Brace up, and die like a man!
Plachinsky—It ain't dot I'm afraid to die, captain; but choost before der voyage I paid me a hundred pounds for a plot in der cemetery; and now, choost dink, I can't use it! Oh, it vos awful, awful!—Tit-Bits.

No Wonder It Looked Strange.
"Here is the portrait of your wife, sir. How do you like it?"
"Um-m-m. Pretty good. Hold on. There's something wrong about the mouth."
"Why, what is it?"
"I dunno. Gimme time. It isn't natural. I never saw her mouth look like that. Ha! I have it. You have painted it closed!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Easily Forgotten.
"Oh, come, brace up, old man. What if she wouldn't have you? Why, I'll bet in six months you'll have forgotten that you ever cared for her at all."
"Say, I guess you've never looked her father up in Bradstreet's, have you?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mary's Golf Skirt.
Mary had a little foot.
Her shoes were number two, And when she walked and when she ran, She kept those shoes in view.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

INDUCEMENT WANTED.



"You kin kiss me, Willie."
"What'll yer gib me?"—N. Y. Journal.

Returned.
"A stolen kiss or a borrowed kiss, Which is your favorite smack?"
"A borrowed kiss," replied the miss, "For it can be paid back."
—Chicago Daily News.

An Unfortunate Recollection.
"Whom did you marry, Billy?"
"A Miss Jones, of Philadelphia."
"You always did like the name 'Jones'; you used to tag round after a little snub-nosed Jones girl when we went to school together."
"Yes; she's the girl I married."—Detroit Free Press.

Discouraging.
"I feel quite discouraged with myself!"
"Dear, dear!"
"Here I've been trying for almost a year to be an advanced woman, and yet I can't wake up in the morning and see my reformed clothing on a chair with out blushing!"—N. Y. World.

Very Unlucky.
Sam Sparks—Yo' fadder, Miss Primrose, am an 'ol' jack rabbit.
Miss Primrose—Well, all Ah's got to say, Sam Sparks, is if yo' ever cums across his foot yo'll find it de most unluckiest rabbit's foot in de dream book.—Chicago Daily News.

On a Boston Trolley Car.
Small Boy (partially sotto voce)—Gee! that woman must have swallowed a yeast cake.
Portly Lady (overhearing)—Yes, my boy, and if your mother had taken a yeast cake you would have been better bred.—Boston Transcript.

A Good Start.
"Jibbs is opening a jewelry shop."
"Has he been left a fortune?"
"No; he has got back all the gold and silver things he had given the girl who jilted him."—Chicago Record.

MODISH LONG COAT.

Stylish Wraps That Well-Dressed Women Are Wearing This Winter.

Every day almost one sees some new idea in the three-quarter coat line. They are always picturesque and usually becoming, but strange to the unaccustomed eye after so many seasons of short, tight jackets or full-length garments. The latest to come across was of fine black cloth in straight saque lines to the knees, the same length all about. The straps and small gold buttons which fastened the front were almost covered by the long ends of the broad white lace cravat. These ends were deeply fringed with white silk and reached the hem of the coat. About the shoulders there was a charmingly draped hood of the white lace turned up softly with folds of black cloth tucked and stitched with white. About the top of the lace choker, which flared out a little, there was an edge of sable, and a high, flat, soft sable muff was carried. The hands thrust into this looked especially quaint by reason of the wide bell-shaped wrists of the coat sleeves. These wrists were turned broadly back and faced with white lace bordered with sable. A toque of black cloth stitched all over with white was very jaunty with this, its only trimming being down-turned white wings spreading from a large square gold buckle. Quite a new idea is to cut out the edge of these knee-long saques into scallops and to lengthen them toward the back into a round point. The back in this way, with its straight lines about the waist, gives the effect of a shawl wrap with sleeves. One of these in three shades of gray cloth is no end smart, narrow bands of caracule trimming it. The darkest gray is used for the coat proper, a lighter shade for a narrow under band, which hangs below about three inches, and the edge of the coat itself bordered with a narrow band of black caracule, both of which round up the front to the bust. About the shoulders there is a triple scalloped collar of the three shades, the largest underneath, the lightest—an almost white gray—forming the top, and smallest collar. All are edged with bands of caracule, this fur lining the choker with its slightly flaring points under the chin. A crisp bow of black velvet has ends to the knees and forms the smartest possible cravat.

This cloak was worn in company with a tailor gown of such excellence of cut and finish that it is worthy of description. Its delicate shade of light blue was alone beautiful to behold, as well as its buttons of lapis lazuli, four of which fastened the side of the Eton jacket, the front of which extended in a pointed plastron effect far below the waist line. This coat front was stitched closely in parallel lines of black straight across its whole length. The front panel of the skirt was stitched in the same way, and the skirt on the sides and back was laid in clusters of short tucks. It was completed by a toque entirely of birds' breasts in gray and white, and a sable neckpiece was fastened on the side with five or six tails and an enameled buckle.—Boston Herald.

SHAVED ALL NIGHT.

Odd Experience of a Temperance Lecturer Alleged to Be as "Crazy as a Loon."

Not long ago a gentleman of meek and docile appearance visited San Francisco. He was a lecturer. If not already known, he is known now that a lecturer is a person who can talk with more or less fluency on any subject, look serious and in nine cases out of a dozen borrow money. The gentleman to whom this refers was a temperance lecturer. He had fought the demon rum for years and not always with success. He put up at a temperance hotel, and it might be remarked in passing that it is easier to inquire for a temperance hotel in this town than to find one.

But, while our friend was good and pious and virtuous and temperate, he was not proof against influenza. When he reached his hotel he was sneezing fearfully, his head was aching and he had every indication of fever. He sent for a doctor and a wise old practitioner of much experience responded. The patient said he was billed to lecture the following night.

"Then," said the doctor, "take two or three whisky punches, as hot as you can swallow them, and sleep between the blankets."

"Impossible!" said the patient. "I have fought the demon rum all my life, and to-morrow night I will address the flower of the youth of San Francisco on 'Damnation in the Bottle.'"

"Well," said the doctor, "if I give you drugs you won't be able to lecture to-morrow night, but if you do as I advise you will be fit."

The lecturer hesitated; then, in a half whisper: "But there is no whisky sold in this house, and see what a scandal it would create if I should send out for some."

"Oh, I will fix that," exclaimed the doctor. "I will order a bottle of whisky and you can order shaving water."

And thus it was settled. The doctor soon returned with a bottle of old rye and sundry lumps of sugar and a couple of lemons in a paper bag. He then left his patient, promising to return at ten o'clock the following morning to see how matters were progressing.

At ten o'clock next morning the doctor appeared and was met by the Irish porter in the hall near the lecturer's room. The latter, on seeing the doctor, raised a warning finger.

"Whist, whist! For God's sake, whist!" said he. "He's jest gone to sleep, and we've sent for the police. He's as crazy as a loon."

"Crazy, crazy," replied the doctor; "what do you mean?"

"Why, God help this poor sowl!" said the porter, "he's been shavin' all night."—San Francisco Examiner.

New Cable Lines.

France is absolutely dependent upon England for news of the Transvaal war, because the cables are under her control, and she is ready to spend a vast sum of money to free herself. This is like many people, who, after allowing dyspepsia to settle upon them, spend a fortune seeking deliverance. Save your money and try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the medicine which never fails to cure dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, malaria, fever and ague.

A Suspicious American Tourist.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence. "What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk. "That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present to my sister. I'll give you five francs for it." "Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug. "And I do not know ze young mademoiselle."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Million Dollar Potato.

Most talked of potato on earth; the next is Sunlight; which is fit to eat in 35 days. Send for notice and 5c to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great catalog.

For the Holiday Trade.

"What!" she exclaimed, "you want \$2.50 for this? Why, when I priced the same thing here a month ago it was only \$2.20." "Very likely," replied the honest salesman. "That was before we began our marked-down sale for the holidays."—Chicago Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Men who have committed no crimes sometimes lie awake nights and can't sleep, but the women don't believe it.—Atchison Globe.

We refund 10c for every package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Jan. 13.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, com'n	3 25 @ 4 50
Sheep—Butcher	7 00 @ 7 25
CALVES—Extra	7 00 @ 7 25
HOGS—Choice packers	4 70 @ 4 75
Mixed packers	4 60 @ 4 65
Light shippers	4 45 @ 4 50
SHEEP—Choice	4 10 @ 4 30
LAMBS—Extra	6 10 @ 6 30
FLOUR—Spring patent	3 75 @ 4 10
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	71 1/2 @ 72 1/2
No. 3 red	62 @ 63
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50 @ 51
Oats—No. 2 mixed	28 @ 29
Rye—No. 2	61 @ 62
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	11 00 @ 11 50
Choice creamery	8 00 @ 8 25
HAY—Choice timothy	14 25 @ 14 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	18 @ 20
Choice creamery	31 @ 33
APPLES—Choice to fancy	2 75 @ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 85 @ 2 00

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent	3 40 @ 3 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	67 1/2 @ 67 3/4
No. 3 Chicago spring	62 @ 63
CORN—No. 2	31 1/2 @ 32
OATS—No. 2	28 @ 29
PORK—Mess	9 45 @ 10 00
LARD—Steam	5 85 @ 5 95

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent	3 60 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	67 1/2 @ 67 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed	49 @ 50
OATS—No. 2	28 @ 29
RYE	60 1/2 @ 61
PORK—Mess	12 00 @ 12 50
LARD—Steam	6 35 @ 6 45

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family	3 20 @ 3 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	67 1/2 @ 67 3/4
Southern	65 @ 67
Corn—Mixed	36 1/2 @ 36 3/4
FLOUR—Spring patent	3 75 @ 4 10
Rye—No. 2 western	58 @ 57
CATTLE—First quality	4 55 @ 4 90
HOGS—Western	5 00 @ 5 50

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	67 1/2 @ 67 3/4
Corn—No. 2 mixed	30 @ 31
Oats—No. 2 mixed	24 1/2 @ 24 3/4

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent	3 45 @ 3 55
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	71 @ 72
Corn—Mixed	35 @ 36 1/2
Oats—No. 2	28 @ 29
PORK—Mess	9 50 @ 10 00
LARD—Steam	6 50 @ 6 60

Cow in a Golf Match.

Ed Tufts, of Los Angeles, was playing golf with a friend recently. When he drove from the third teeing ground, he sliced the ball badly and sent it away to one side. It stopped in front of a grazing cow, and Tufts came up just in time to see it disappear into the bovine mouth. When his opponent had made his stroke, Tufts untethered the cow, and, with many sounding thwacks of his club, drove the beast to the third hole. There he made her disgorge the ball, and, neatly hoing it, announced that he had made the hole in two strokes. His opponent calmly finished the hole in seven, and claimed the hole. "But I made it in two," protested Tufts, gleefully. "No, you didn't," declared the other; "you made it in 30. You hit that cow 37 times, for I counted every stroke," and Tufts conceded the hole.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Appeal to Humanity Generally.

We need your assistance in announcing to the world the greatest remedy that Science has ever produced, and you need our assistance to secure relief for yourself and friends through Swanson's "5-DROPS." As surely as the American Navy has conquered and will conquer all that opposes it, so will "5-DROPS" unfailingly conquer Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Lumbago, Catarrh of all kinds, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bile Colic, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Heart-Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Bronchitis, etc. "5-DROPS" is the name and the dose. Trial bottles 25c. Large bottles, containing 300 doses, \$1.00 prepaid by mail or express. Six bottles for \$5.00. Write now, and the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., will immediately give your order attention.

Words and Their Effects.

"Do you believe in the influence of single words on a person's character? Some poetical fellow has advanced the theory, you know."

"Yes, I do. There's my wife, for instance. She rises in the morning pale and listless. She picks up the morning paper. Suddenly her eye brightens, her face flushes, her whole appearance changes. A single word has wrought the miracle."

"What's the word?"

"Bargains!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Abnormal.

Mammy—I wouldn't want no gal ob mine to marry dat Sam Johnson.

Dinah—Yo' wouldn't?

"No. Why, dat fellah am jes' as crazy 'bout dress as a sensible niggah ud be 'bout wathmillions!"—Puck.

Largest Seed Growers in the World.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., recently shipped twenty thousand bushels of seed potatoes to Alabama, Florida, Texas and other southern points. This firm is the largest grower of seed potatoes as also farm seeds in the world.

"When a man's young he's anxious to show his knowledge," said the Manayunk philosopher; "and when he gets older he's just as anxious to conceal his ignorance."—Philadelphia Record.

Children Shout for Joy.

When they take Hoxsie's Croup Cure for Coughs, Colds and Croup. It is so nice and cures so quick. Does not nauseate. 50 cents.

The Queen and Crescent.

Only through Pullman line to Florida. The Queen & Crescent only through car line to Asheville.

Energy a Factor.

All things come to him who waits, but the fellow who hustles does not have to wait so long.—St. Louis Star.

The Best Prescription for Chills.

And Fever is a bottle of GUNN'S FAST-LESS CHINA TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

A man can't make his home brighter by making light of his wife's trouble.—Chicago Dispatch.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

We always criticize; others find fault.—Philadelphia Times.



Ayer's Pills
Look at yourself! Is your face covered with pimples? Your skin rough and blotchy? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mountaineer or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the whiskers.
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCA-RETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
—EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.



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Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

Exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes, for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated or toilet soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

All that has been said of Cuticura Soap may be said with even greater emphasis of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the most delicate and yet most effective of emollients, and greatest of skin cures. Its use in connection with Cuticura Soap (as per directions around each package), in the "ONE NIGHT CURE FOR SORE HANDS," in the "INSTANT RELIEF TREATMENT FOR DISFIGURING ITCHINGS AND IRRITATIONS," and in "A SHAMPOO FOR FALLING HAIR, AND ITCHING, SCALY SCALPS," and in many uses too numerous to mention, is sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for the skin.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. CUTICURA OINTMENT (25c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, and burning skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. Send for "A Book for Women," free.

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